A

POEM.

Humbly Presented to

His most Sacred MAJESTY,

King GEORGE.

BRITISH MUSEUM

A

POEM.

Humbly Presented

TO

His most Sacred Majesty

GEORGE,

King of *GREAT BRITAIN, FRANCE* and *IRELAND*.

Carroll afterwards Centlivre

UPON

His Accession to the THRONE.

By SUSANNA CENTLIVRE.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

GEORGE.

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Humbly Presented to

His most Sacred Majesty

THE Lark, while she her Gratitude to prove,
Lauds with her sprightly Notes, immortal *Jove*.
Shuts not his Ear against the Sparrows Lays;
Whose tuneless Pipe can only chirp his Praise.
Thus I, tho' Learned Bards before have strung
Their sounding Lyres, and most divinely Sung,
Fear not the Dictates of my Soul to own;
The less of Art, the more of Love is shown:
Vouchsafe, Great Prince, to hear my humble Muse,
And let my Zeal my Want of Skill excuse.

Hail! Hero born to rule, and reconcile
The fatal Discords of our *English* Isle!

ur pure *Religion*, long the Mark of *Rome*,
epriev'd by You Eſcapes her final Doom.
Innumber'd Joys You to *Britannia* bring,
nd *Io Pæans* thro' the Nation ring.
Delightful *Liberty*, with Fears half dead,
Hears the glad Noiſe, and rears her pleaſing Head;
Her ſlacken'd Nerves their former Strength regain,
And ſhe her Life redates from GEORGE's Reign.

So Cruel *Faction* tore *Rome*'s ancient State,
And all her Glories ſeem'd the Sport of Fate;
When by Adoption *Trajan* took the Reins,
And check'd his People's Heats, and quench'd the Flames;
Enlarg'd her Bounds to diſtant *India*'s Shoar,
And taught her Drooping Eagles how to ſoar.

You Sir, like him, the *Britiſh* Throne aſcend;
May equal Victories your Reign attend.
When round the Continent the Trump of Fame
Did *Britain*'s Glory in your Right proclaim,
Tyrannick Monarchs, as with Thunder ſcar'd,
Sent up their Prayers impending Fates to ward;
Whilſt BELGIA's LION brav'd his threaten'd Chain,
Rowl'd his Glad Eyes, and ſtretch'd his Paws again.

By your fam'd Juſtice, and your prudent Sway,
France ſhall be taught to Love, or to Obey;

Whilſt

Whilſt You the Right of Liberty aſſert,
And all the Ills of broken Faith avert;
To *Barcelona* may Your Succours fly,
Before her Champions 'midſt her Ruins dye.

Prophetick Sages had this Day in View,
And nam'd our Patron as a Type of You:
So Men to Oracles had once Regard,
'Till the Great Saviour of the World appear'd.

The ſwelling Waves, which often heretofore
Our yet lov'd King, the Glorious *WILLIAM*, bore,
Proud in conveying his Adopted Son,
Part with Regret, and murmur as they run.

Wellcome great Guardian of our *Britiſh* Land;
Receive the Nation reſcu'd by thy Hand.
A wicked Race of Men, for private Ends,
Had rais'd her baffled Foes, and ſunk her Friends,
Diſpers'd her Strength, and Royal *ANN* betray'd
Whilſt in the Sunſhine of her Smiles they play'd;
The Ruin rowl'd too faſt for her to ſtem,
Whoſe greateſt Weakneſs was her Choice of *Them*:
When Heav'n, in Pity to thoſe ſuppliant Few,
Who own'd its Power, and kept their Vows to You,
Came to our Aid, revers'd our low'ring Fate,
And by thy deſtin'd Arm retriev'd the State.

Hail

HAIL great Deliverer, much lov'd MONARCH Hail!
No more ſhall *France*, no more ſhall *Rome* prevail:
By Heav'ns Decree, You and your Iſſue ſtand
Sure Signs of future Safety to this Land.
So when th' Almighty caus'd the Flouds to ceaſe,
He fix'd his Bow in Token of the Peace.

I am with the profoundeſt Reſpect,

Your Majeſty's

Moſt Dutiful and

Moſt Devoted Subject,

Suſanna Centlivre.

FINIS.

10 JU 68